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# GLASS AND WOODENWARE

## JUDGE LYNCH IN COURT.

It was a strange scene. The skilled hand of nature never placed among the wild beauties of the far West a more lovely spot than the little nook in the Black Range of New Mexico. A small basin amid the towering peaks, carpeted with green, luxuriant grass, studded with the most beautiful flowers; on every hand, like an irregular, broken wall, the rock-ribbed mountains shut in the lovely spot, as though 'twere an Eden which must be guarded from the foot of man forever. To the northward, a cascade came leaping down the rocky sides of the mountain from shelf to shelf like a great ribbon of molten silver, throwing out its crystal spray in the glad sunlight until the air seemed filled with a shower of diamonds. After reaching the level the waters formed a little brook that cut the mountain meadow in twain; a sparkling, purring brook that, in its onward flow, filled the air with musical, dreamy melody.

About midway of the meadow a strange scene met my eye as I rode out of a gulch in my search of the murderous Victorio, the Apache Chief, and his painted band of demons. A group of eight frontiersmen lolled about on the grass in picturesque attitudes, their rifles by their sides and their horses picketed near by, feeding upon the succulent grass. The animals were sweat-marked, and showed evidence of having been ridden hard. When I rode up to the party I was warmly welcomed, for they were all frontier friends with whom I had for years faced the constant dangers of border life. The presence of this band of hearty pioneers in that lonely spot and the fatigued condition of the horses told me that the occasion was not an ordinary one, and, in response to my inquiry as to the cause of the gathering, one of the boys pointed to figure lying on the ground a few feet distant.

The figure was that of a handsome youth, bound hand and foot with buckskin thongs. He was apparently not over 18 years of age, with a frank, open countenance, bronzed by exposure to the sun and wind. His light-brown curly hair, tangled from inattention, fell in picturesque confusion over his youthful shoulders, and a pair of eyes of the softest blue looked up at me in a half-pleading, half-defiant manner when I stepped up to where he lay. The truth had burst upon me in a moment. He had committed some crime and was about to be called upon to answer for his misdeed at the dread tribunal of Judge Lynch.

"What's the kid been doing boys?" I asked.

"Shot Dandy Frank, the gambler, at Chloride last night. Come up to 'im in a saloon 'n' pulled a gun 'n' downed 'im without a word, 'n' then ran out 'n' jumped Apache Bill's hoss and got inter the hills. We jest overtook the little cuss, 'yar about half an hour ago, 'n' was 'debating' whether to give 'im a trial 'yar or take 'im back 'n' let the boys in camp assist at the obsequies. Apache Bill wants to take 'im back, but the rest of us think it'd save trouble to hear his story, if he's got one, 'n' string 'im up to that tree. It, war' Bill's hoss he jumped to git away on, 'n' out o' deference to the ol' man's wishes we've jest about concluded to run 'im back to Chloride 'n' let the boys 'all take a hand in the funeral festivities."

Apache Bill, so called on account of his hatred of the red devils and his constant warfare upon them, was a noble specimen of rough manhood. He stood about six feet high, was strongly built, and in his picturesque suit of buckskin presented a pleasing and stirring picture. There was always a pleasant, mild expression on his face, except at such times as his eye fell upon an Indian form, and then his own true nature seemed to be dethroned and supplanted by the spirit of an avenging demon. The course of this deadly hatred for the Indian race no one knew, but it was generally surmised that Bill had a history. He first appeared in the vicinity during the summer of '77, and had been of valuable service to the trappers and the settlers in the capacity of a scout. He was always reticent regarding his early history, and while there wasn't a man in the range who was not proud of his friendship, all looked upon him with feelings of awe, and regarded him as a man of mystery.

After the speaker referred to had thus briefly outlined the case, Bill rose up on his elbows and said:

"Boys, you musn't think I'm obstinate or mulish for opposin' you and wantin' to take the boy back, fur I can't help it. Somehow I feel that the youngster hadn't ought to be hung, 'n' I can't shake off that feelin'." I tell you boys, when I look at that almost girlish face 'n' them honest eyes, somethin' tells me that w'd order too mighty slow."

"But looker here, Bill," said one of the men. "He shot Frank, fur some of us seed him do it, 'n' the

Bible says that inasmuch as he done it unto one of the boys we'd order do it unto him. An eye for an eye 'n' a tooth for a tooth, 'n' 'whomsoever sheds a man's blood, by man he'd order be most beautifully swung up. Thar ain't much law in these mountains, but we've got the Scriptur' a-backin' us, 'n' I think we'd order to go accordin' to the Bible teachin's. What do you think o' the matter, Jack?"

"The boy looked up at me with those large, blue, pleading eyes, and in spite of the fact that his hands were stained with the lifeblood of another, my whole heart was out to him."

"Boys," I said, "I don't believe that boy is guilty of willful murder. That handsome face is not the face of one who would scheme to take the life of another. Have you questioned him any?"

"No; he hasn't opened his mouth since we run 'im down."

"Then I say, give him a chance to talk. Cut those thongs and let him get up to his feet and tell his story, and not lie there like a hog awaiting the butcher's knife. If he is guilty he can never escape you, and it is brutal to tie a boy like that down like a wild beast. Shall I let him up?"

There were no opposing voice, and, drawing my hunting knife from my belt, I bent over him and cut the thongs and assisted him to his feet. Till my dying day I never will forget the look of gratitude which he gave me, or the low trembling welcome, for they were all frontier friends with whom I had for years faced the constant dangers of border life.

"Thank you," which reached my ears from his pale lips."

"Now, my boy," I said, "speak right out and tell us your story. Don't be afraid, but speak up like a man. If you are guilty your talk can make your case no worse, and if you are innocent I can assure you that right in this band of rough men you will find warm and true friends, who will protect you with their very lives. Did you kill Dandy Frank?"

"Yes, sir; I did, and," raising his eyes to heaven, while an almost unearthly expression came over his handsome face. "I thank the good Lord from above from the very bottom of my heart for giving me the opportunity."

His clear girlish voice thrilled every breast, and his brave, fearless attitude, as he stood with his face upturned to heaven, awoke within us feelings of undisguised admiration. A more tragic or striking picture was never before presented to the eye of man. There was silence of a few moments as we gazed in wonder upon his small defiant form, and then I asked:

"And why did you shoot him?"

"Because he was a villain—the damnable, accursed destroyer of my once happy family. Men, I will tell you the story, but I have no hope that it will deter you from carrying out your avowed intention of taking my life. After hearing me I beg of you to hang me at once and not prolong my torture by taking me back to Chloride. I have accomplished the aim of my life and almost long to be at rest in my grave."

"About ten years ago, when I was child of but 8 years of age, my dear father and mother were living in a humble home in an Eastern state. I was their only child, and upon me they lavished all the love of which they were capable. My father was engaged in a small business which amply supported his family, but reverses came, and in the pressure of hard times, and through father in-dorsing a note for a supposed friend, we lost everything. At that time the most startling stories of the great wealth of gold and silver lying buried in these mountains reached our ears, and one morning father kissed us good-by, and almost before we could realize the fact he had gone westward to retrieve his lost fortunes."

"I had a cousin, a handsome, good natured fellow, whom I learned to love as a brother. My mother was a young and rarely beautiful woman, and after father's departure my cousin became a daily visitor at our house. In my youthful innocence I thought nothing of this, and things seemed to run along smoothly for a year. We had frequent letters from father, in which he said he was working in a mine for good wages and hoped soon to be able to send for us. He sent us money sufficient to live on, and his letters, breathed a spirit of the strongest affection, which made us very happy."

"One day the body of mother was found drowned in a stream near our house and upon the bank was a package addressed to me, with written instructions upon the envelop that it was not to be opened until I was 16 years of age."

"After the funeral I was sent away to a distant city to school, bearing my mother's last gift, the precious packet with me. My grief wore off as much as grief for the loss of an angel mother can, and I devoted myself to my studies with a determination to acquire a thorough education. As I grew older I learned that it was my cousin who had

caused me to be sent to the school, and that he was bearing the expenses of my education. I never again heard of my father, and I always mourned for him as dead."

The poor boy hurried his face in his hands and sobbed with emotion, while every one in the rough band leaned toward him and listened with breathless interest. In a moment he continued:

"Time rolled on and I grew up until I was almost a woman."

"A woman!"

The men sprang to their feet and gazed upon the youthful form in astonishment.

"A woman!"

"Yes, men, there is no use for longer hiding it—I am a woman. One day my cousin called at the academy, and I received him with love and gratitude, for I had been taught to regard him as my benefactor. After a talk of an hour he asked me to take a walk in the grounds, and when at distance from the academy he assailed my ears with a story of love, concluding with a vile and infamous proposal. I drove him from me with scorn, and all my former love for him turned to bitter hatred."

"A few days later, on my birthday, I opened my trunk and took therefrom my mother's last message, and after kissing it fondly, broke the seal. Oh, God! why did I ever read it!"

Again she broke down and wept bitterly, but soon controlled her grief and continued:

"The letter was a short one, and told me that my own mother, the blessed angel who gave me life, had fallen a victim to the seductive wiles of my accursed cousin, and was no longer fit to live. She bade me when I had read the letter, seek for my father in the West and tell him the sad story, and implore him to forgive her and not curse her memory."

"Then I got down on my knees beside my bed and asked God to register an oath in heaven that if I ever again met the destroyer of my angel mother I would kill him as I would a snake. I left the academy that day and sought employment as a music teacher to private pupils. I succeeded in securing a large class, and for a whole year I toiled and saved my earnings until I had accumulated a handsome sum. Then I started for the mining camp in Colorado, where my father was last heard from, but upon my arrival I learned to my dismay that he went to New Mexico several years before. I returned to Denver, and while laying my future plans, conceived the idea of avoiding insult by dressing in boys' clothes. I secured a suit at a second-hand dealer's and the next day was en route to Santa Fe, in almost hopeless search of my loved father."

"At Santa Fe I secured trace of him, and soon learned that he had once been in that town, but had gone further south. For almost a year I have wandered about from one mining camp to another, and on yesterday's stage I reached Chloride. During the evening I was strolling about peeping in the windows of saloons hoping to catch his familiar face, and in one of these houses I saw that accursed destroyer of my sainted mother standing at the bar. The fierceness of a tiger seemed to fill my soul, and I rushed to neighboring store and purchased a revolver and had it filled with cartridges. Returning, I again peered in the window and saw him still standing there and in an other moment I rushed in and shot him dead. I then ran out and seeing a horse standing in front of the saloon, I sprang upon his back, hoping to escape."

"Men, this is my story. The man I killed, and whom you call Dandy Frank, was my cousin, Frank Martin, and—"

"Frank Martin!"

Apache Bill sprang to his feet and stood trembling in every limb. His face turned deathly pale, and in a hoarse, shaky voice, he asked:

"Gal, w'at's your name?"

"My name is Cora Martin, the same name my poor mother bore."

With a glad yell that resounded in strange echoes through the adjoining gulches Bill sprang forward and clasped the boyish figure in his bosom, and for a few moments all we could hear was:

"My daughter! My long lost darling daughter!"

"Oh, papa, papa, papa!"

The culprit was taken back to Chloride and, after the story was told, instead of a lynching bee the reunited father and daughter were tendered the most rousing reception the country had ever known."

Bill had heard of the suicide of his wife, but through the machinations of the treacherous cousin his daughter's whereabouts were hidden from him, and he had long mourned her as dead. He engaged in Indian warfare to endeavor to drown his troubles in excitement, and his supposed hatred for Indians was a desire to mingle amid dangerous and stirring scenes.

The old man is now a prosperous

merchant in a New Mexico town, and Cora is the respected and honored wife of a prominent cattle king of Texas. The scene depicted above is a true one, and I have given it as correctly as I could dig it up from the recesses of my memory.—New York Telegram.

## A True Story About An Indian.

More than fifty years ago, in the forest of the northern part of New York, there lived a farmer and his wife, and one son eight or ten years old. The little boy, Charlie, was obliged to walk two miles through the woods to attend the village school. In the cold winter season it was often very difficult for the little fellow to plow through the snow.

The day our story has to do with was Christmas-day, and Charlie started off in the morning with a light heart to spend the day with grandma in the village. In a few hours a heavy snow-storm came up, and continued long into the night. The mother became anxious, as her boy did not return at the appointed time. Standing by the kitchen window, she silently watched the bend in the road till the shadows of twilight were beginning to appear. Then she suddenly aroused to the danger of her boy. She said, "Father, Charlie has not returned. Don't you think that you had better go for him?"

"O! he is all right," said the easy-going father, "I would trust that boy anywhere." The mother still stood by the window, but her eyes were blinded with tears. In those days it was not at all uncommon for the Indian women to drop in and warm by the large, open fire, sometimes saying a few words, but more often going off unnoticed.

This afternoon there was a young Indian woman crouching in the corner warming her hands. No one knew she had entered. Hearing the words of the anxious mother, that the boy was out in the storm, she noiselessly slipped from the room and hastened down the road, running from side to side and muttering to herself. At length, with a wild cry of joy, she fell on her knees and began digging in the snow. She gently lifted the senseless form of the poor child, and clapping him to her bosom, she wrapped her old shawl around him, and with a bound she started through the woods, and did not stop till she placed her heavy burden in his weeping mother's arms. It was now quite dark, and the father and many others were out with lanterns, looking for the lost child.

After much rubbing, the mother and kind friends saw Charlie as well as ever, but the Indian woman who had saved his life had quietly gone without a word of thanks. But she was only an Indian woman, and not worth while to waste gratitude.

Years after, when Charlie was a man, he thought of the woman to whom he owed his life. He returned to his old home and made a search for her. He found her, and the wish of her heart was that her own little son might be educated. The boy was sent to school and clothed for years by the grateful Charlie.

This story was told me by Charlie himself after he became a distinguished judge on the supreme bench. He was all his life a warm friend to the Indian, and while on a visit to the West a few years ago, crowds of Indians came out to do him honor, and gave him a war-dance in front of the hotel, as the only way in their power to show their high esteem for their distinguished guest.—A. S. C.

EDWARD HEATON, a railroad brakeman, was crushed between an engine tender and a freight car in St. Joe, Mo., last Friday.

"Can you tell me how the word 'saloon' is spelt?" was asked of a cookney. "Certainly," said a Londoner, with a look of triumph. "There's a hess, a hay, and a hell, and two hoes, and a hen."

A LITTLE boy went into the parlor where his sister was being courted and said: "Brother Tom told me to ask you what was the date of your last bustle, for he can't find to-day's paper high nor low, and he left it in your room just before supper."

"I suppose you expect a parting word from me. One of the most beautiful sights on earth is that of a young mother leading a little child. Gentlemen, marry early; cultivate flowers; occupy your minds with the delightful things of earth, and leave no time to the seductiveness of vice."

—The late Prof. Gross to his medical students.

The president of the United States never attended college. The president pro tem. of the senate received a common school education in Ohio. The secretary of state is an alumnus of a small Long Island academy. The secretary of the treasury was graduated from a printing office. The speaker of the house of representatives is a self-educated man.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

The most remunerative professorship in the world is that of Professor Turner, the distinguished anatomist of Edinburgh, which yields him \$20,000 a year.

Reports from school superintendents throughout Virginia show a marked advancement in the number of schools in 1885 over 1884.

Hungary, with over 2,200,000 children of school-age, reports nearly 1,700,000, or 77 per cent. attending school.

Geography is not considered of sufficient importance by educators in Sweden to have it taught in the schools.

The amount annually paid to the teachers of the United States is \$30,000,000, an average of about \$400 'piece.

Edward A. Freeman, the historian, has been appointed professor of modern history at the Oxford university.

Notwithstanding free schools and laws for compulsory education, the startling fact remains that there are 2,800,000 voters in the United States who cannot read their own ballots.

"There is a sky full of robins to one owl. To one mile of rapids, where the river rises, it has hundreds of smooth, glassy water, where water-lilies are anchored. O, it is a splendid world!"—Talmage.

"I have a good deal of respect for the old woman who, in the time of war, started out with a poker when the enemy was approaching. She was asked what she could do with that, and replied: 'I can show them which side I am on.'—Moody.

The salary of the French president is \$120,000 a year, with an additional \$60,000 for household expenses, making a total of \$180,000. M. Grevy, who has just been re-elected for a term of seven years, is now seventy-two years old.

A young man named Marshall and a young lady named Risen, of Dawson, Pa., were drowned while skating.

Philip Gillespie was arrested last Friday at Millersburg, Mo., on a charge of having burglarized the postoffice at that place last July.

The Boyd House, one of the old landmarks at Louisiana, Mo., was burned last Thursday.

Mrs. Minnie Kittridge who died at Indianapolis, on January 4, and concerning whose death there was some suspicion of poisoning, the body was exhumed, and an examination revealed morphine poisoning. Her husband says he was in Chicago at the time of his wife's death. Much mystery surrounds the case, and an effort will be made to clear it away.

Simon Cameron was elected four times and Don Cameron three times to the senate.

According to the Albany Journal, no prohibitory legislation will find favor in the New York legislature this year.

A Washington correspondent says members of congress are no longer influenced by speech-making. Probably all the oratory is expended for the benefit of the country.

Minister Pendleton is keeping house in Berlin and Mrs. Pendleton has introduced five o'clock tea. Thus does our Democratic diplomatic service diffuse American ideas.

Congressman Pulitzer writes to his paper the prediction that "no leading recommendation made by the president will be adopted by congress, and that such legislation as he might oppose is likely to find favor with the house."

Each congressman will this year get 6,500 packages of vegetable seeds and 500 packages of flower seeds, in addition to field seeds, wheat, corn, oats and other grains. After their seed-time the congressmen expect to reap a large crop of re-nominations and re-elections next autumn.

Ex-Senator Thurman, of Ohio, in a recent letter to his intimate friend, O. B. Ficklin, of Charleston, Ill., says: "You will never be gratified by seeing me enter public life again. I am now on the retired list, with my own full consent, and with no inclination whatever for active life, except as a private."

In the fall of 1880 James A. Garfield held the exceptional honors of member of congress, with one session to serve; senator-elect for a term of six years, and president-elect for a term of four years. After his election to the presidency he resigned his seat in the house and his senatorial commission, and John Sherman again came into the senate to serve a full term to which another had been elected.

It is likely that a mint will be established at St. Louis.

Mary Marshall, colored, was attacked by a vicious cow at Leavenworth, Kas., and received injuries which caused her death.

A shaft is to be sunk to the miners at Nanticoke, Pa., who were killed by the mine caving in. The sinking of the shaft is to gratify their relatives.

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